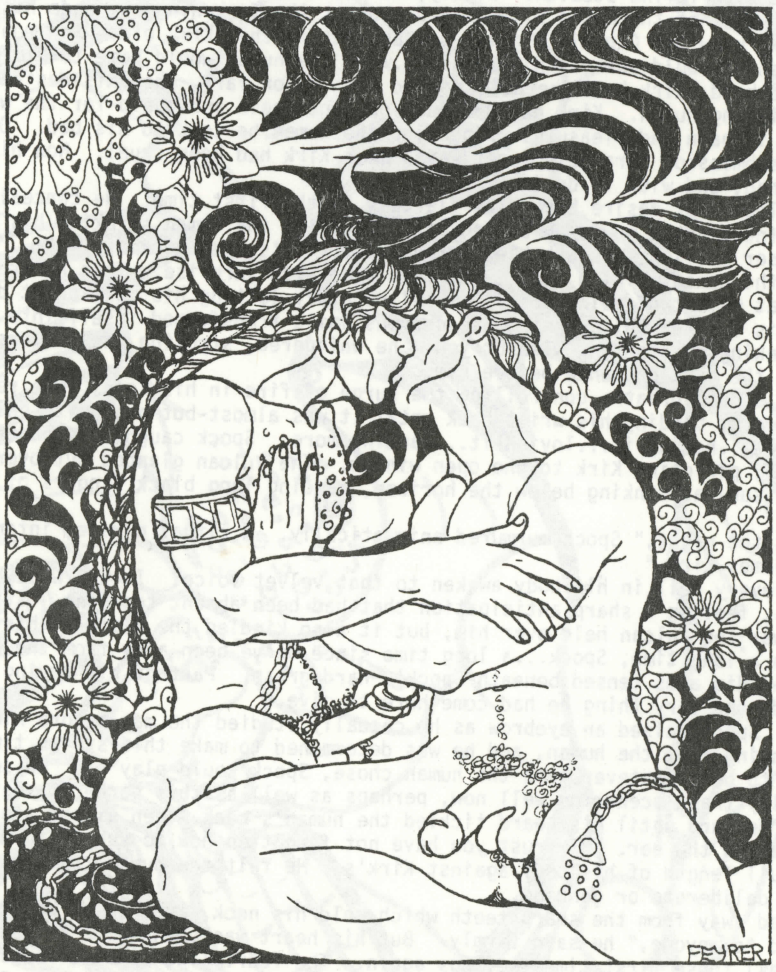
My senses return to me, slowly. I sigh. You reach out and clasp my hand. We lie together exhausted--Syya and Surak cast up from the Sea of Flame.

Traces of rich seed linger on my mouth, potent milky wine. I lick the prodigal drops from my lips, savouring the salt sweet taste.

After a time I feel a sudden tension in your hand, and it withdraws. Rolling to your side I see the questions in your eyes, and see you are too proud to ask. You close them and smile, keeping what we have shared. Accepting the parting I can no longer endure.

I have spent too long in the darkness of myself...

Whatever your price I will pay it.

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